# Scaredy Cat

**[Part One]**

(Dripping water.)
FLOOD: How do things begin? With a word, an action, a decision? I mean, in the beginning, there was what? There must have been something. Now, what was that something? Did it come pre-loaded with good and evil, and all points inbetween? Or did that come later? You see, starting points are important. Great levellers, where no one has an advantage, because no one knows what's going to happen next.

(Birdsong. Many voices.)
ELDRIN: Galayna! Galayna, where are you? This isn't funny. It's getting dark. Your mother wants you home.
(The cast list has her as Galayana, but the cast all say Galayna.)
MAN: Your daughter leading yo a dance, is she, Eldrin?
ELDRIN: What's new?
GALAYNA: (laughing) Scaredy cat, scaredy cat.
ELDRIN: Galayna, is that you? Galayna!
(Big frightening whoosh overhead, and something lands.)
WOMAN: What was that?
ELDRIN: Is everyone all right? Everybody, stay back.
MAN: It looks harmless enough.
ELDRIN: Alzo, that includes you.
MAN: I think it's just some space junk.
ELDRIN: Alzo.
MAN: It's all right.
(Hiss of gas. General consternation.)
ELDRIN: Alzo!
GALAYNA: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat.

CHARLEY: So, C'Rizz, what do you think?
C'RIZZ: Not much.
CHARLEY: This is the Doctor's pride and joy.
C'RIZZ: A garden?
CHARLEY: Well, not just any garden. These are the Tardis gardens. His gardens.
C'RIZZ: When you can visit the finest the universe has to offer, why build your own?
DOCTOR: Because nothing is more the child of art than a garden.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Sir Water Scott, actually.
CHARLEY: How long have you been lurking?
DOCTOR: Lurking? I've been trimming the bougainvillea. I once let an entire incarnation slip by without doing it. Should have seen the mess.
C'RIZZ: But it's not real, is it?
DOCTOR: Not real? My dear C'Rizz, these gardens are a horticulturist's dream. See over there? Draconian myrtlehedges. And over there, Ventrican bladderpods. And here
C'RIZZ: All right, Doctor, I get the idea. My point is, for my people the beauty of a place comes from its context. Well, however magnificent these gardens are, they're something you've put together in the Tardis. They're artificial.
DOCTOR: Artificial?
CHARLEY: So what's your definition of beauty, then?
C'RIZZ: You know what I'd really like to see? A newly formed planet. A virgin world unsullied by pollution, by war, by people. Now that would be something.
CHARLEY: The Garden of Eden? Doctor, he wants to see the Garden of Eden.

BRONIK: Professor Arken?
ARKEN: Ah, Bronik, there you are. You took your time.
BRONIK: I've been watching the natives.
ARKEN: What on Earth for?
BRONIK: Because they're a damn sight more sophisticated than you give them credit for.

ARKEN: Hardly.
BRONIK: There was a group. Once was cracking open nuts with a stone.
ARKEN: You really should get out more.
BRONIK: He then handed them out to the rest. They were all but forming an orderly queue.
ARKEN: Your point?
BRONIK: Who would have taught them? Who could have taught them?
ARKEN: My son learned how to peel a banja fruit when he was seven months old. I dare say that would have excited you too.
BRONIK: It's important. Where's Niah?
ARKEN: In the Restricted Area.
BRONIK: What? On her own? And you let her?
ARKEN: Yes, Bronik, we have work to do, and at least someone here appears to appreciate its importance.

DOCTOR: Well, I can't quite give you the Garden of Eden, C'Rizz, but this might appeal.
(Scanner powers up.)
C'RIZZ: Two planets?
DOCTOR: Yes. The one on the left is called Caludaar. The one on the right is its sister world, Endarra. According to legend, the Caludaria made a pledge several millennia ago never to set foot on Endarra.
C'RIZZ: Why?
DOCTOR: They'd almost destroyed themselves through a series of global wars. They vowed then as penance to protect the sanctity of their sister planet.
CHARLEY: And they stuck to it?
DOCTOR: I visited Caludaar a while back. There's more than a few religions who'd happily start a new world war if the pledge was broken. All in the name of peace, of course.
CHARLEY: Then what on Earth are we doing here? We can't go down there, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I wasn't planning to, but there's no reason why we can't slip into a low orbit around Endarra. The scanner should pick up some fantastic views. All I have to do is this, and we can sneak a look.
(Beeps.)
C'RIZZ: What's that?
DOCTOR: Low level energy spike. It can't be.
CHARLEY: Why not?
DOCTOR: Because the only thing that could cause that would be man-made.
C'RIZZ: The Caludari have broken their pledge and are now on Endarra?
DOCTOR: Well, someone's down there.

(Door hisses open, footsteps, door hisses closed.)
BRONIK: Niah, what were you thinking, going in there on your own?
NIAH: Take it easy, Bronik. I was just making sure the prelims were done.
BRONIK: You should have waited for me.
NIAH: Out watching your monkey people again, were you?
BRONIK: You should have waited.
NIAH: I was careful.
BRONIK: You don't gamble with something like this. Next time, you wait.

(Tardis materialises, door opens.)
DOCTOR: I must admit, C'Rizz, I think you have a point. Proud as I am of the Tardis Gardens, you can't beat the real thing.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, this is extraordinary. So calm, so peaceful.
CHARLEY: It's like Bavaria. (deep breath) Oh, smell that air.
C'RIZZ: So, why have the Caludari broken their promise?
DOCTOR: We don't know if it is them yet.
CHARLEY: Well, if it isn't, then won't they me, you know, a mite upset?
DOCTOR: To put it mildly.
(Beeping of tracker.)
DOCTOR: Come on. This should tell us where the energy spike came from.

FLOOD: I once knew a student called Jethrel. He desired to be a politician. Oh so earnest, he

was. Stirring words about honour, principle and integrity. On and on and on, he used to whitter. Not a hint of humour, naturally. Years later, he achieved his ambition and became Governor of a small province. Stories emerged, as they do, of crooked deals, broken promises and terrible betrayal. When I met him, I asked him if his job had changed him. He looked me in the eye, smiled, and told me of the good he'd done, the things he'd accomplished, the sun he'd allowed to shine. Self-deception's a wonderful thing. Principles, I feel, should be seen and not heard.

ARKEN: Niah, I want to get underway again. Please have the test subject prepped, and ensure the power grid is online and at full capacity.
NIAH: Yes, Professor.
ARKEN: And tell Bronik I want him assisting. It's time he remembered why we're here.
NIAH: Professor Arken, do you want me to find a fresh test specimen this time?
ARKEN: Whatever for?
NIAH: Well, the current subject might not survive another procedure.
ARKEN: I'm well aware of that. That's half the point. What, Niah, feeling sorry for it? Want to let the poor little furry thing back out to play with his friends again? I don't think that's going to work, somehow. He's not quite the fruit munching, nut gathering cheeky chappie he used to be, is he?

(Footsteps on stone.)
C'RIZZ: Doctor? I can see something.
CHARLEY: Oh look, a large potting shed. Thrilling.
DOCTOR: Maybe someone's trimming the bougainvillea?
C'RIZZ: It appears very well fortified.
DOCTOR: Yes, it is rather. Have you noticed something else, by the way?
C'RIZZ: No.
CHARLEY: The birds. They've stopped singing.
DOCTOR: That's because there aren't any.
CHARLEY: But there were plenty near the Tardis when we arrived.
DOCTOR: Exactly. Look at all this vegetation. Yellow and rotting.
C'RIZZ: Some kind of chemical?
DOCTOR: Maybe time for a peek, I think.
(Sonic screwdriver.)
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, I don't think that's such a good idea.
C'RIZZ: I think Charlotte might be right.
DOCTOR: Nonsense. I just
(Machine gun fire. Screams.)

(Primate making noises.)
NIAH: Hey, Monkey Boy. I did try, you know. Not that you understand a word that I'm saying. Here, I brought you some water.
(It drinks.)
NIAH: You look like you needed that.
(Alarm sounds, the primate panics.)

BRONIK: What the hell's that?
ARKEN: Security alarm. Something's either broken in or out of the Restricted Area, and frankly neither option bears thinking about. Come on!

CHARLEY: Doctor, are you all right?
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm fine. I must have triggered an automatic defence system. Stupid, really, but don't come any closer. I think those guns are triggered by motion sensors.
C'RIZZ: What makes you say that?
(Gunfire. Charley reacts.)
DOCTOR: I don't know. Lucky guess?
CHARLEY: What are you going to do?
DOCTOR: Right now, standing still seems a good plan.
C'RIZZ: I can see where the guns are fixed. They've got to have a blind spot. I think I can manoeuvre a way to you.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, that is
(Gunfire.)

DOCTOR: A really bad idea.

(The primate is making a lot of noise.)
NIAH: Shush, it's okay. It's okay. Nobody's going to hurt you. Let me help you.
(It calms down a bit, then escapes. Niah uses her intercom.)
NIAH: Professor Arken? It's Niah. The test subject's escaped.
ARKEN [OC]: Right now that's the least of our worries. We have intruders in the Restricted Area.

DOCTOR: Take cover behind those trees. I'm going to try my screwdriver.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, that isn't going to disable an armoury of laser rifles.
DOCTOR: It doesn't have to. Just needs to block the signal from the motion sensors. Depending, of course, on whether I can identify the right frequency. That's about right. The secret with this kind of thing is (running) having a good ear for pitch.
CHARLEY: Doctor, are you insane?
DOCTOR: Not at all. I've an impeccable ear. A little trick I picked up in Memphis. Come on, before someone finds us.

BRONIK: It's probably just one of the natives getting curious. The auto-defences will have taken care of it.
ARKEN: They don't usually come this close.
BRONIK: What else could it be?
ARKEN: I don't know, but I don't need to remind you of the consequences if that unit's been breached.

CHARLEY: Doctor, why are we running away? We came here to find out what's going on.
DOCTOR: Yes, and just for once it would be pleasant to do it over a nice cup of tea and not staring down the barrel of a gun. I think we should just let things calm down before we say our hellos.
C'RIZZ: You don't think they'll mind the fact that we tried to break into their top secret installation?
(The primate grunts at them.)
CHARLEY: What is that?
DOCTOR: Something not dissimilar to a Neanderthal, by the looks of him. Hello, old fellow. Shh. It's okay.
C'RIZZ: What have they done to it? It's got scars all across its skull.
DOCTOR: Shh, it's okay.
(Rushing wind sound..)
CHARLEY: Doctor, what's going on?
DOCTOR: I don't know.
GALAYNA [OC]: (distant and faint) Scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat.)
(A dull thud and the primate cries out. the noise stops.)
BRONIK: That's enough. All of you stand still.
ARKEN: Who are you?
DOCTOR: What did you shoot him for?
ARKEN: I said, who are you?
DOCTOR: I'll tell you everything you want to know, but please, get this poor creature some help first.
(Arken uses his intercom.)
ARKEN: Niah, come down to the supply centre exit, and bring a medi-kit. We've found the test subject but had to shoot it.
NIAH [OC]: Yes, Professor.
ARKEN: Now, I think some explanations are in order, don't you?

FLOOD: Explanations. Aren't they a wonderful thing? Who are you, what do you want, why do you want it, what will you do when you have it? Me, I'm a people watcher, myself. A much easier way to deduce the world's workings.

ARKEN: You came to see the countryside?
DOCTOR: Strictly speaking, we didn't mean to land, but you know how these things are. Then

again, you probably don't, do you.
BRONIK: You are aware this world is off-limits.
C'RIZZ: We might very well say the same to you.
BRONIK: You might, if you were holding the gun.
DOCTOR: Still, it's a valid question. Care to explain why? Perhaps it's something to do with that fission detrax you've got over there.
NIAH: You know what it is?
DOCTOR: Of course. It's used for rudimentary cranial irradiation. I've seen plenty of variations of it in my time.
ARKEN: You can't have. That's the prototype.
DOCTOR: Is this what you've been using on that creature? Bombarding its brain with radioactive junk? Not for its good health, if what we saw was anything to go by.
ARKEN: That's enough, Doctor. Just remember you're the intruder here, and I think you've outstayed your welcome.
DOCTOR: Professor Arken, lambda radiation is extremely unpredictable.
CHARLEY: Doctor, I don't think the man wants a debate.
BRONIK: That's good advice. I should take it if I was you.
ARKEN: See them out, Bronik.
(Footsteps. Doors open and close.)
NIAH: Was that wise, Professor?
ARKEN: How do you mean?
NIAH: How could they possibly know what the fission detrax is? And what were they doing trying to break into the Restricted Area?
ARKEN: You think they're from home? They don't look it.
NIAH: You can't discount it.
ARKEN: Well, what do you suggest I do, Niah? Have Bronik shoot them? I'm not some kind of gangster.
NIAH: No, but there is another alternative.

(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Can I ask you something?
BRONIK: You like exercising that mouth of yours, Doctor, don't you.
DOCTOR: Earlier, just before you shot that creature, did you see anything?
BRONIK: How do you mean?
CHARLEY: The little girl. Oh, you must have seen the little girl.
BRONIK: I don't know what you're talking about.
C'RIZZ: Oh yes, you do. You're a bad liar, Mister Bronik.
BRONIK: Shut up.
(Intercom beep.)
ARKEN [OC]: Bronik, I've had second thoughts about the Doctor and his party. Please invite them back here and extend my apologies to them for my earlier brusqueness.
DOCTOR: Splendid. No chance of a cup of tea, is there?

ARKEN: Niah, have the test subject sedated and brought up.
NIAH: Professor.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: What are you doing here, Professor Arken?
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: What is all this about?
ARKEN: Doctor, you're clearly an intelligent man. Let me ask you something. Have you ever considered the nature of evil? What it truly is, where it comes from, how it manifests?
DOCTOR: Believe me when I say my breadth of experience is extensive. You might say I've given it some thought in my time.
ARKEN: And?
DOCTOR: The most evil species in the universe were created by a pitiless cripple, whose own frustration and bitterness were reflected by his creations. Another race of killers chose to reject their humanity in pursuit of survival. And so it goes. Invariably each and every time it comes down to a nexus point, a moment of decision. A split second where the balance between good and evil is tipped the wrong way. I've spent most of my life hunting those moments down.
ARKEN: You see, Doctor, we're not so different. That choice you speak of, I believe certain

individuals are predetermined to arrive at that moment of decision. And once you can identify that, you can prevent it.
DOCTOR: Oh, Professor. There's no evil gene, if that's where you're going with this.
(Door opens.)
ARKEN: Bronik, help Niah strap the creature down, would you?
BRONIK: Professor.
ARKEN: I want you to watch, Doctor. See what we're doing. I believe lambda radiation can help identify those parts of the brain responsible for what we understand to be evil.
C'RIZZ: Yes, it's known on most civilised worlds as a lobotomy.
ARKEN: No, no, this isn't about cutting out parts of the brain. I believe you can train the cells of the mind to reject evil impulses.
CHARLEY: Doctor, is that possible?
DOCTOR: Not in a million years.
ARKEN: Please, just watch, see for yourselves, and then judge.

FLOOD: Ever heard of a Jelna wasp? Nasty little things, but not without a sense of fair play. Knock over one of their nests, and they won't do much. Do it a second time, though, and the entire swarm will engulf you. And given their toxicity, no one's ever found out what happens the third time. My point is this. There really are some things which shouldn't be disturbed.

ARKEN: Bronik, if you'd be so good as to bring the fission detrax to full capacity.
DOCTOR: There's no need for this.
ARKEN: Doctor, you may think our technology crude, but this device can harness and convert raw energy into pure lambda radiation. The results are extraordinary.
(Machine builds power.)
CHARLEY: It's the same as before.
DOCTOR: Arken, you don't know this world. You don't know what you're tampering with.
ARKEN: Rubbish, Doctor. Watch and see. Mister Bronik, please begin lambda bombardment.
(The primate screams.)
BRONIK: Arken!
NIAH: Professor, what's happening?
C'RIZZ: That thing's going to break free in a moment.
ARKEN: Maintain lambda bombardment, Bronik.
C'RIZZ: I told you
DOCTOR: Get down!
ARKEN: It's going near the power grid.
(The primate screams, then silence. The machine powers down.)
GALAYNA [OC]: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat. (laughs)

**[Part Two]**

CHARLEY: Doctor, what was it? A ghost?
DOCTOR: I don't think so.
C'RIZZ: Were we hallucinating?
DOCTOR: No, not a shared experience like that. I'd say a projection of some kind.
CHARLEY: From where?
DOCTOR: The creature. It's the common denominator. We saw the same thing just before Bronik shot it.
ARKEN: I don't understand. Nothing like that's ever happened before.
DOCTOR: You're playing God on an unknown world. Time to pay the piper, I'd say.
ARKEN: Rubbish. There must be a straight forward explanation.
DOCTOR: Why did you come here anyway? You could have done these experiments of Caludaar.
ARKEN: It's not as straight forward as that.
DOCTOR: And what exactly are you keeping locked up round the back?
BRONIK: Professor
ARKEN: It's all right, Bronik. I have no intention of sharing all our secrets. You overreach yourself, Doctor.
DOCTOR: That creature didn't just fall into your power grid, it threw itself deliberately. Think on that.

ARKEN: And where are you going?
DOCTOR: Out. The air's a bit too stale in here for me.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: It's all right. You stay here. I'll make sure he doesn't get into any trouble.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, please, wait a moment.
DOCTOR: You know, Charley was right. It is very like Bavaria. I really must get around to teaching you how to ski sometime, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: What happened back there? What did you mean when you said Arken was tampering with things?
DOCTOR: To be honest, I'm not entirely sure, but I'd like to find some more of the indigenous lifeforms.
(A child laughing.)
C'RIZZ: Did you hear that?
DOCTOR: Hello?
C'RIZZ: It came from over there.

CHARLEY: Do you want a hand moving the body?
NIAH: Thank you. The burning smell's starting to make me feel sick.
CHARLEY: So how long have you been here?
NIAH: Three months now.
CHARLEY: With just those two for company? Can't have been easy.
NIAH: It's not so bad. This is a beautiful planet. There are worse places to be stranded. You want to know why we came here, don't you.
CHARLEY: It does seem a bit
NIAH: Unnecessary?
CHARLEY: Yes.
NIAH: Believe me, back home they have stronger words. There'd probably be riots in most of the major cities. Although Endarra has traditionally been off-limits, our scientists have always kept a close eye on it. Once we established there were sophisticated indigenous lifeforms here, it changed everything.
CHARLEY: Why?
NIAH: Professor Arken is a significant figure back home. He convinced the government that his work could potentially eradicate violence, murder, even war. They bought it, and sanctioned a clandestine research project. Nobody knows we're here, not even our families.
CHARLEY: Perhaps some things aren't meant to be interfered with.
NIAH: You're sounding like your Doctor friend now.
CHARLEY: He's usually right. That little girl. You saw her too, didn't you.
NIAH: Yes.
CHARLEY: Well, how do you explain it? What is it?
NIAH: When I was small, my grandmother used to read me stories. She had a special word, yaranaa. It means, literally, the soul of the vengeful. Those whose lives have been cut short early, and died with empty hearts.

BRONIK: Professor, these intruders. We should inform the Secretary for Protection immediately.
ARKEN: Why?
BRONIK: A group of strangers interrupt the most classified project in Caludari history, and let slip knowledge only a handful of people could possibly know, and you don't think it's worth reporting?
ARKEN: Until we know more, I don't want to take any risks. Besides which, the Doctor clearly has knowledge which could be useful to us.
BRONIK: He tried to break into the Restricted Area. If he knows what's inside?

(Galayna laughing.)
DOCTOR: If I didn't know better, I'd say she was leading us somewhere.
C'RIZZ: Do you know better?
DOCTOR: Actually, no. Which way this time? Your hearing's better than mine.
C'RIZZ: To the left. Doctor, can you see something in that clearing?
DOCTOR: It looks like some kind of rock formation.
C'RIZZ: What about the girl?

DOCTOR: Gone, apparently.
C'RIZZ: Perhaps we don't amuse any more.
DOCTOR: Or maybe this is where she wants us.

FLOOD: There is a saying amongst some of the River Peoples of Caludaar that a man should stay alive if only out of curiosity. But I've always thought that a rather woolly notion. Look hard into the eyes of someone facing their final moments, and believe me, I have. Is there sadness, melancholy at all the things they'll never get to do? No. Just regret that their damned curiosity got them into such a mess in the first place. (laughs) As the old legends used to say, if one's going to open Pandora's box, one really should be ready for the consequences.

CHARLEY: Niah, the creatures who live out there, just how dangerous are they?
NIAH: Oh, we've never had any problems up to now. They tend to leave us alone.
CHARLEY: Really? Have a look out of the window.
NIAH: They're gathering! I've never seen that before.
CHARLEY: It's almost as if they know what happened in here.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, the little girl. She's asleep on that slap of rock.
DOCTOR: Fascinating. It's like an altar.
C'RIZZ: How did she get here so quickly?
(Rapid beeping.)
DOCTOR: She's not asleep. Comatose more like. I'm only getting the barest signs of life. There's no brain activity at all. And look at this.
C'RIZZ: The moss?
DOCTOR: Look at the shape of it, like it's grown around her, which would suggest she's been lying here for quite a while.
C'RIZZ: But that's impossible. We saw her.
DOCTOR: Did we?
C'RIZZ: We saw something. And we certainly heard her. Doctor, we've got company. More of those creatures. Look.
DOCTOR: They don't look too happy, do they?
(Thunder rumbles overhead, and the rain starts.)

CHARLEY: Niah, look outside. They're coming towards us!
NIAH: It's all right, I'll seal the base.
(Alarm sounds.)
NIAH: They can't get in.
ARKEN [OC]: What the hell's going on up there?
NIAH: Look out of your window, Professor. We're surrounded.
ARKEN [OC]: By the natives? Why? What are they doing?
NIAH: I don't know.
ARKEN [OC]: I'm coming up.
(Rumbling noise)
NIAH: What's that?
CHARLEY: They must be right up against the walls.
NIAH: They're beating them with their fists.

(The primates are grunting.)
C'RIZZ: Doctor, what do you want to do?
DOCTOR: Keep things nice and gentle, C'Rizz. I don't want to alarm them.
(The primates come close, their grunts becoming 'scaredy cat'.)
DOCTOR: Do you recognise that?
C'RIZZ: It's what the little girl sang.
DOCTOR: Fascinating.
NATIVES: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat.

BRONIK: I told you not to underestimate them, but you wouldn't have it.
ARKEN: Oh, don't get yourself into a state, Bronik. Look at it from the point of view of the primitive mind. We arrive in our shuttle, construct buildings, drive around in heavy duty transport. No wonder they're reacting.

BRONIK: You think that's all this is, a touch of culture shock?
ARKEN: Well, isn't it?

CHARLEY: I just hope the Doctor and C'Rizz are okay out there.
NIAH: We're visible for quite a distance. They should be able to see what's going on if they come back.
CHARLEY: What about the other building? The one round the back with all the guns on top.
NIAH: What of it?
CHARLEY: I noticed Professor Arken didn't like talking about it in front of us. The natives might be trying to break in there as well.
NIAH: That's impossible.
CHARLEY: The thought worries you though, doesn't it? Why? What's in there?
NIAH: I can't tell you.
CHARLEY: Can't, or won't?
NIAH: Take it from me, Charley. It's something from your worst nightmares.

NATIVES: Scaredy cat. Scaredy cat. (chant continues under dialogue)
DOCTOR: I think it's time to try something.
C'RIZZ: Doctor.
DOCTOR: What?
C'RIZZ: The last time you tried something, lots of guns started firing.
DOCTOR: Funny you should say that. The idea is not dissimilar.
C'RIZZ: Eh?
DOCTOR: It's a question of breaking in to something very tightly locked. In this case, the little girl's head.
C'RIZZ: Exactly how do you propose to do that?
DOCTOR: As a Time Lord, I have certain gifts.
C'RIZZ: Telepathy?
DOCTOR: Not exactly, but I might be able to form a link of sorts. Stand back a moment, there's a good chap. Contact.
(Increasing tone.)
DOCTOR [OC]: Ow!

CHARLEY: How long can they keep this up?
NIAH: Does that answer your question?
CHARLEY: What's happening?
NIAH: I don't know.
(Glass breaks.)
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C'RIZZ: Doctor, can you hear me? Something's happened to the natives. They've gone quiet. Doctor!
DOCTOR: (gasps) C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Are you okay?
DOCTOR: Yes. Very strange experience. There was nothing there to link with. No personality, no identity, nothing. Just shadows of those things. You know, I think something terrible happened here once.
C'RIZZ: But how? I thought this planet was meant to be pure, untouched. Are you saying the Caludari have always been lying?
DOCTOR: I don't think so, but something violated this world, and it's taint is still here.

NIAH: Charley, they've broken in. There are laser rifles in the armoury rack. Get one for me and grab one for yourself.
CHARLEY: Oh, I can't get it open.
NIAH: You need to punch in the key code.
CHARLEY: Right.
NIAH: The first two keys on the top right
CHARLEY: Right.
NIAH: And the second one on the bottom left.
CHARLEY: Second on the left, yes.
NIAH: In that order.

CHARLEY: Go on. Got it! It's open. Here.
(Laser bolts.)
NIAH: Make small shots. We might be able to scare them.
(Laser bolts.)
CHARLEY: They don't sound very scared.

DOCTOR: Doesn't something strike you as odd?
C'RIZZ: What? The little girl, the chanting primitives or those idiots back at the base? All of them, frankly.
DOCTOR: No, this stone altar. It's been hewn. And if it's been here as long as I think
C'RIZZ: Then someone was here before.
DOCTOR: Precisely. Come on, let's see what else we can find.

NIAH: Charley, are you okay?
CHARLEY: Yes. Well, they seem more distressed than angry.
BRONIK: Niah?
NIAH: Bronik! How did you get up here?
BRONIK: Through the service duct. Arken's still crawling his way through.
NIAH: We could use the help.
BRONIK: What do they want?
NIAH: You're the expert. You tell me.

C'RIZZ: What are we looking for?
DOCTOR: I'll tell you when I see it. Ah ha.
C'RIZZ: What?
DOCTOR: That.
C'RIZZ: It's a rock.
DOCTOR: Exactly.
C'RIZZ: So?
DOCTOR: Look at it. Someone pushed it there.
C'RIZZ: How did you deduce that?
DOCTOR: See the ground there? It's on a slight upward gradient. Big lumps of stone like that hardly roll themselves up hill, now do they? Question is, what's behind it?
(Straining with effort.)
C'RIZZ: Need a hand?
DOCTOR: I thought you'd never ask.
(Both strain, the rock moves.)
C'RIZZ: You're right. There's some sort of cavity behind it.
DOCTOR: Can you squeeze in?
C'RIZZ: I'll try.
DOCTOR: What can you see?
C'RIZZ: Not much. It's dark, and it smells. I'll urgh!
DOCTOR: What is it?
C'RIZZ: A bone. A humanoid bone.
(The Doctor squeezes in.)
DOCTOR: Here, I've got a torch.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, in that corner. Looks like the rest of the skeleton. It's wrapped round something.
DOCTOR: A metal sphere of some kind. This was technology of some kind once.
C'RIZZ: For what purpose?
DOCTOR: I don't know. But it's important. It must be. Our bony friend died hiding it, and then someone sealed him in.

(Laser bolts.)
BRONIK: They're retreating.
NIAH: I'm going to open the doors.
CHARLEY: Won't you just be letting more of them in?
NIAH: I don't think so. We've scared them off.
BRONIK: Cease firing. (intercom) Professor, are you okay?
ARKEN [OC]: I'm fine, Bronik. Is it over?

BRONIK: Looks like it for now.

FLOOD: Once, many years ago, I met a girl who fell head over heels in love with me. I've no idea why any more than you, but there we are. Love me she did. She entertained a notion that goodness could be found in anyone. Even those with the blackest hearts could be redeemed. The suffering of the world, she used to say, could be relieved if we all just had a little more faith in ourselves, and belief in what we could achieve together. Not much good it did her, mind you. But that's another story for another day.

DOCTOR: Blue Tits.
C'RIZZ: Er, what?
DOCTOR: Blue Tits. Southampton Blue Tits to be specific.
C'RIZZ: Is this a Gallifreyan term of abuse?
DOCTOR: Southampton is a city on Earth.
C'RIZZ: I take it this is relevant?
DOCTOR: It might be. Back in the 1920s, a bird called the Blue Tit discovered it could tear the tops off milk bottles and drink the cream.
C'RIZZ: In Southampton.
DOCTOR: Well, soon this skill showed up in Blue Tits over a hundred miles away. Which is odd in that they seldom fly further than fifteen miles. Bird watchers caught on and traced the expansion of the habit. It spread faster and faster, until by 1947 it was universal throughout Britain. Where did they get this knowledge?
C'RIZZ: Perhaps they liked the taste.
DOCTOR: Morphic resonance, actually. The theory of collective memory throughout nature.
C'RIZZ: Race memory?
DOCTOR: Not dissimilar. The memories are held by a planet's morphogenetic field, and then passed on to each new generation of life. In this case, the Blue Tit.
C'RIZZ: And you think something like that's happened here?
DOCTOR: I can't explain how else a group of primitive creatures are chanting children's rhymes.

ARKEN: How much damage was done?
NIAH: Mostly superficial. They ignored the specialised stuff.
ARKEN: I rather guessed that. If they'd attacked the fission detrax, we wouldn't be standing here.
CHARLEY: I don't think they were trying to hurt anyone.
ARKEN: My dear girl, it was a full-scale riot.
CHARLEY: They seemed more confused than angry. Like they were looking for something, rather than trying to smash the place up.
BRONIK: You know, it's funny how their behaviour changed once you and your friends turned up.
CHARLEY: Oh, come on. You can't think we caused this?
BRONIK: Well, we've been here for months, and not had an ounce of trouble. You arrive and all hell breaks loose.
CHARLEY: What do you think I did, whistled loudly?
BRONIK: Don't push me.
ARKEN: That's enough. Bronik, please check the Restricted Area. The alarm didn't sound, but I think we'd all feel happier knowing it was secure.

C'RIZZ: So, what's our next step?
DOCTOR: Back to the Tardis. I think a little journey's in order.
C'RIZZ: Where to?
DOCTOR: Somewhere we can find some answers, I hope.

BRONIK: Niah, I'm outside the Restricted Area. The site's secure. I'm coming back to help with the clear-up.
NIAH [OC]: Received.
(Charley struggles.)
BRONIK: Now how did I know it was you. Spying on me now, are you?
CHARLEY: What are you hiding in there?
BRONIK: I don't know who you are, but unlike Arken, I don't buy the innocent tourist act.

CHARLEY: No. What are you doing?
BRONIK: You want to know what's in here?
(Door opens.)
BRONIK: Then please feel free to take a look.
CHARLEY: No!
(Push, thud, door closes and is locked with a keypad.)
CHARLEY: No, wait!

C'RIZZ: Doctor, are you sure about this? What about Charley?
DOCTOR: She'll be fine. She's more than capable of looking after herself.
C'RIZZ: Where exactly are we going?
DOCTOR: Come on.
(Tardis door closes, and the Tardis dematerialises).

CHARLEY: (frightened) Hello? Is there someone there?
(An evil laugh.)
CHARLEY: Hello?
FLOOD: Well, hello, my dear. How very nice to meet you.

**[Part Three]**

CHARLEY: Who are you?
FLOOD: You don't know?
CHARLEY: No. Bronik locked me in here.
FLOOD: Really? Anyone would think you were my lunch.
CHARLEY: Am I?
FLOOD: My dear, right now, oh, let me see, my preference would be for a causa fish, lightly grilled, marinated in semva butter. And perhaps just a glass of dry white wine to wash it down. And since nobody bothered to tell you, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Eunis Flood.
CHARLEY: I'm Charlotte Pollard. My friends call me Charley.
FLOOD: Well, Charley. I hope you'll consider me a friend.

(The Tardis lands and the door opens.)
C'RIZZ: Where are we?
DOCTOR: Same place as before, Endarra.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: But approximately four million years in the past.
C'RIZZ: Four million years? How did you know?
DOCTOR: I had the Tardis scan the planet's timeline until it found signs of technology, and this is where it's brought us.
C'RIZZ: Looks like a colony of some sort. They don't look very happy.
DOCTOR: No, they don't, do they. That woman over there's barely got the strength to stand. It's okay, let me help. Come, lie down here. C'Rizz, see if you can find some water, can you?
C'RIZZ: Yes, Doctor. (sotto) Go and get some water, C'Rizz. Yes, Doctor. No problem, Doctor. Ice with that, Doctor? One bucket or two? Now, where exactly do I find water here?
(A little girl giggles and sings.)
GIRL: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat.
C'RIZZ: I don't believe it. Oh, wait, please!
GIRL: Do you want to play?
C'RIZZ: Play?
GIRL: Come on, scaredy cat.

BRONIK: And the autodefence systems are back online.
ARKEN:Thank you, Bronik. And how is Mister Flood?
BRONIK: I don't know. I didn't bother to look. You'd be better off asking the Doctor's little friend.
NIAH: What?
BRONIK: I locked her in there, she seemed so interested.
NIAH: Are you mad?

CHARLEY: Why are you in chains? Are you some sort of criminal?
FLOOD: It's not what you think. I'm a lab rat. They want to cut my brain up to find out what makes me tick.
CHARLEY: Why?
FLOOD: Because I'm a political activist. I stood up and opposed Arken and his cronies on Caludaar. Anyone can see these experiments are an obscenity. But the government condones and protects him. Why do you think they're here, doing all this in secret?
CHARLEY: And they kidnapped you, brought you here, just for that?
FLOOD: They arrested me on some trumped-up charges and announced I'd died of a heart attack while in custody. As far as Caludaar's concerned, I'm already dead.
CHARLEY: But that's appalling.
FLOOD: How did you get here?
CHARLEY: I came with the Doctor.
FLOOD: The Doctor?
CHARLEY: A friend.
FLOOD: Can he help me escape? Please, you're my only chance.

DOCTOR: Oh, you are in a bad way. High temperature, shortage of breath, and that's a very nasty looking skin rash. Almost a pattern to it, some kind of toxic reaction. I'm sorry.
ELDRIN: Please, stand away.
DOCTOR: This woman needs medical attention.
ELDRIN: So does the entire colony. Now, who are you and how did you get here?
DOCTOR: I'm a doctor.
ELDRIN: Oh, I'm sorry. Then you're welcome. I thought it would take much longer for help to arrive. I'm Prime Colonist Eldrin.
DOCTOR: What's happened here?
ELDRIN: We've been attacked, infected with some kind of plague. Over forty people have died so far, and we've many more sick.
DOCTOR: When did this begin?
ELDRIN: Just a few days ago.
DOCTOR: What?
ELDRIN: To be honest, we're burning the bodies faster than we can treat them.
DOCTOR: Why do you say you were attacked?
ELDRIN: I'll show you.

NIAH: Professor, what are you going to do?
ARKEN: How do you mean?
NIAH: We're in a mess. We've been attacked by the natives, seen some kind of mass hallucination, and Bronik's frankly cracking up.
ARKEN: We keep our heads, Niah. We stay calm and remember why we're here. Let's get the fission detrax back to full capacity, get the operating room ready, and then let's see what secrets Mister Flood is keeping in that skull of his.

DOCTOR: Eldrin, where are you from originally?
ELDRIN: Our home planet is Favria, the fourth planet of this system. We came here because this world is so new, only a few thousand years at the most. It seemed the perfect place to settle.
DOCTOR: So why would somebody attack you?
ELDRIN: I just don't know. Favria has been at peace for centuries. We've no enemies that I can think of, and no other species has laid claim to this planet. Ah, here we are. This is the Artefact.
DOCTOR: Of course. The Sphere.
ELDRIN: You recognise it?
DOCTOR: You might say I've seen its future. This one's in much better nick, though.
ELDRIN: Doctor, I'd keep a safe distance away.
DOCTOR: I don't think so, Eldrin. I think it's done it's work.
(Beeps.)
DOCTOR: Interesting.

(Door hisses open and shut.)
BRONIK: You two getting cosy?

CHARLEY: What are you going to do to him?
BRONIK: Mister Flood is about to make an invaluable contribution to medical science.
CHARLEY: It's disgusting.
FLOOD: Don't waste your breath, Charley.
BRONIK: Oddly enough, what either of you think really doesn't matter to me.

DOCTOR: I think I recognise the technology, Eldrin, and this is has certainly been a deliberate infection.
ELDRIN: Why? We offer no threat.
DOCTOR: That Sphere contains trace elements of a chemical called Saravin. It's a component used in biological warfare. It was outlawed, let me see, maybe a few hundred years from now?
ELDRIN: What?
DOCTOR: A breakaway cell of Ventriki militants used it on Crestus Five, a trading world they thought harboured enemy agents. The Earth Empire destroyed Saravin production plants right across this sector of space in response.
ELDRIN: I don't understand a work you're saying, Doctor. I ask again, why have we been attacked?
DOCTOR: Perhaps attack is the wrong word. I think you've been guinea pigs. A passing Ventriki battleship must have thought you made the perfect test subjects. I imagine they've been monitoring the effects from deep space.
ELDRIN: We're not animals to be slaughtered!
DOCTOR: No. To the Ventriki you're less that that.
C'RIZZ: Doctor. Doctor, the little girl. She's here in this time zone. I've seen her. Her name's Galayna.
ELDRIN: My daughter? What do you know of her?
DOCTOR: Does she carry the infection?
ELDRIN: No, not so far, thank the gods.
C'RIZZ: Because she's a child?
ELDRIN: No. They were among the first to die. They didn't have the strength to resist this Saravin.
DOCTOR: With any virus there's always a small percentage of people who carry a natural immunity.
ELDRIN: You think that this is why Galayna has been spared?
DOCTOR: Possibly.
C'RIZZ: But how can she be alive
DOCTOR: C'Rizz.
ELDRIN: Tell me. This infection. If it's man-made then surely it has an antidote?
DOCTOR: Yes.
ELDRIN: Then we can still stop this, prevent any more people from dying.
DOCTOR: Yes.
ELDRIN: How long will it take for the rest of your staff to arrive? Every wasted moment could be crucial.
C'RIZZ: Doctor?

NIAH: The fission detrax is at full capacity, Professor. We can proceed whenever you give the word.
CHARLEY: Proceed with what, the murder of an innocent man?
BRONIK: Quiet.
ARKEN: Miss Pollard, you really are sounding more and more like your friend the Doctor.
CHARLEY: If he was here, he'd stop this lunacy.
BRONIK: Well, he's not, is he. And as for Eunis Flood being an innocent man, I'm afraid you're sorely mistaken.
CHARLEY: I know who he is and why you brought him here, so there's no point in lying.
BRONIK: What exactly did he tell you? That he's just a victim of circumstance? In the wrong place at the wrong time?
NIAH: Charley, Flood's a convicted killer. He's responsible for the abduction, torture and murder of nineteen people.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, do you want to explain to me exactly what you mean by that?
DOCTOR: I mean what I mean. We're going back to the Tardis.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, you can't just
DOCTOR: Shh.
C'RIZZ: (sotto) You can't seriously tell me you don't have an antidote for this plague somewhere in the Tardis. I've seen the medical facilities you've got. You could sort this out in less than a day.
DOCTOR: Yes, I could. We can't interfere with this colony. Whatever happens must occur without our intervention. Somehow, some way, Eldrin's daughter ends up four million into this planet's future. We cannot change the sequence of events that lead to that.
C'RIZZ: We can't leave them to die.
DOCTOR: We can.
ELDRIN: My friends, my daughter and I just wanted to thank you. You can't know what a relief it is to know that she's going to get through this.
DOCTOR: It's nothing, Eldrin. Hello, Galayna, I'm the Doctor. I've been waiting to meet you.
GALAYNA: (laughs) You're funny.
DOCTOR: Here, have a jelly baby.
GALAYNA: Jelly baby?
DOCTOR: That's it. I like the red ones myself.
C'RIZZ: I'm going back to the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Fine.
ELDRIN: Is your friend all right?
DOCTOR: He will be.

(Door opens and closes.)
FLOOD: Professor Arken. What a rare surprise. You usually have one of your minions see to me. What brings you down here?
ARKEN: I gather you met Miss Pollard.
FLOOD: (chuckles) Unexpected visitors.
ARKEN: I haven't really come here to talk about her.
FLOOD: Then why have you come?
ARKEN: When I was a young man, I didn't want to be a famous scientist.
FLOOD: Oh, God. Just kill me now.
ARKEN: I wanted a wife, a family, an income, same as the next man. But sometimes life can throw a spoke in things.
FLOOD: What is this? Some pathetic attempt at vindication? An explanation for why you've been burning my brain out with lambda radiation?
ARKEN: I had a son, and one day he didn't come home. Nor the next day, nor the day after that. The police eventually found his body on a rubbish heap the other side of town. I vowed then to find out what makes men do such things. I wanted you to know, because we're ready to conduct the final experiment, and I don't honestly think you'll survive the procedure. And I think you have a right to know why.

C'RIZZ: Eldrin, do you have a moment?
ELDRIN: Is something the matter?
C'RIZZ: It might be a while before the antidote arrives. You might want to carry on giving your patients the best care you can until then.
ELDRIN: Is there a problem? C'Rizz, is the Doctor telling us the truth?
C'RIZZ: We're not doctors. We're just visitors. There's no cavalry coming to the rescue.
ELDRIN: What! Why have you been lying to us?
C'RIZZ: It's the Doctor. He has a reason. I just don't understand it yet.
ELDRIN: But that's monstrous! You can't leave us here to die!
C'RIZZ: No. No, I won't. We have some of the vaccine on board our ship. I will help you, but please humour me and do it my way. The Doctor mustn't know about this.

FLOOD: Hello, Charley. Nice to see you again.
CHARLEY: What's happening?
ARKEN: Mister Bronik, please sedate the test subject.
CHARLEY: No, you can't do this!
BRONIK: Gullible as well as stupid, eh?
CHARLEY: This is wrong, and you know it.
FLOOD: Thank you, Charley. Your support is appreciated.

CHARLEY: They told me you were a murderer. Is it true?
FLOOD: Who do you believe, me or them?
CHARLEY: I don't know.
NIAH: You should wait outside now, Charley. You're not part of this.
CHARLEY: Whatever this man's done, you can't justify dissecting him like a rat.
ARKEN: Bronik!
CHARLEY: Oh! Let go of me!
BRONIK: Better take Niah's advice. Get out.

DOCTOR: Ah, C'Rizz, there you are. Time to leave, I think. We've got what we came for.
C'RIZZ: Which is?
DOCTOR: Information. You can't stay here, you know. We've probably both been infected by the Saravin ourselves. I need to give you the vaccine.
C'RIZZ: You know, sometimes I really feel like I don't know you at all.

DOCTOR: Come on, let me give you this injection.
C'RIZZ: The vaccine?
DOCTOR: Yes. We don't seem to be carrying as much as I thought.
C'RIZZ: Don't play games, Doctor. You know, don't you.
DOCTOR: That you've disobeyed me and gave this to the colonists? Yes.
(Tardis engines.)
DOCTOR: Ah, perfect timing.
C'RIZZ: We're back where we started.
DOCTOR: Not exactly. We've travelled in time, though. Let's see. Three months after we left Eldrin's people. Come on, let's take a look.

(Howling wind.)
C'RIZZ: Oh, that smell. It's overpowering.
DOCTOR: Yes. I shouldn't go to far. There'll be some nasty bacteria in the air.
C'RIZZ: There's corpses everywhere. They all died, every last one of them. But I gave them the antidote. This shouldn't have happened.
DOCTOR: What you gave them wasn't nearly enough. Time will always take care of the minor disruptions.
C'RIZZ: And you take care of the bigger ones, do you?
DOCTOR: Once upon a life. These days I take a more organic view of the timeline. Different bodies, different perspectives, I suppose.
C'RIZZ: And Galayna?
DOCTOR: Here, somewhere, I should imagine.
C'RIZZ: And we're just going to leave her amongst all this?
DOCTOR: Do I really need to tell you?
C'RIZZ: No. Let's go.
(Door closes, Tardis dematerialises. Galayna sings 'Scaredy cat over and over again.)

ARKEN: Niah, bring the fission detrax to full capacity.
NIAH: Yes, Professor.
ARKEN: Bronik, what level of sedation did you apply?
BRONIK: Level three, Professor.
ARKEN: Excellent.
FLOOD: (drowsy) Want me to really feel what you're doing, do you?
ARKEN: When you mutilated your victims, they didn't have the luxury of a sedative. Now settle back and enjoy the ride.
(Machine starts up, Flood screams in pain.)

(The Tardis materialises, the door opens.)
CHARLEY: Doctor. I thought I heard the Tardis. Where have you two been?
(Door closes.)
C'RIZZ: You didn't miss out, believe me.
DOCTOR: How are you, Charley? What's been happening here?
CHARLEY: A lot. There are a few things I have to tell you.

ARKEN: That's enough for the moment.
(Machine powers down.)
ARKEN: That's odd.
FLOOD: Is something the matter?
ARKEN: Bronik, check your readouts, What are you seeing?
BRONIK: Brain activity (pause) increasing! Three point five to four. Four point five and rising!
NIAH: That's impossible.
FLOOD: Oh dear. My little head causing you problems? Bwahahahahaha.
(Wind blows, glass breaks.)
NIAH: Professor!
FLOOD: Bwahahahahahaha!

DOCTOR: And this man they kept locked up, Arken thinks his brain is the key?
CHARLEY: They're operating on him now. Doctor, you have to stop it.
C'RIZZ: The temperature's dropping. Can you feel it?
DOCTOR: Oh, no. Come on!

FLOOD: (laughing) Oh, what's the matter, Professor? Cat got your tongue?
ARKEN: Bronik, sedate him. Full strength.
BRONIK: We need to get out of here.
ARKEN: I said, sedate him!
NIAH: Please, Professor.
FLOOD: Dear me. Such disobedience needs punishing. Why don't I remove these restraints?
(Chains break.)
FLOOD: And slaughter you too.

DOCTOR: The door's locked.
C'RIZZ: Sonic screwdriver?
(Whirr.)

(Screams.)
NIAH: Bronik!
ARKEN: What are you doing to him?
FLOOD: Peeling his mind. All I have to do is concentrate, and look what happens.
BRONIK: Doctor, get back!
FLOOD: Ah, so you're the famous Doctor.
DOCTOR: Eunis Flood, I presume.
FLOOD: Charley's told you about me? How gratifying.
CHARLEY: What are you doing?
FLOOD: Oh, my dear, what's the matter?
CHARLEY: You lied to me!
FLOOD: No, I told you I was political.
(Bronik screams.)
FLOOD: And as you can see, I'm certainly active.
(Thud.)
FLOOD: Oh, poor Mister Bronik. I never thought he had the brains for the job.
ARKEN: How did he do that?
DOCTOR: Your fault, I fear, Professor.
CHARLEY: It's true then, everything they said about you.
FLOOD: Oh yes, and now you, your friends, and everyone else here, are mine.

**[Part Four]**

DOCTOR: That remains to be seen.
FLOOD: Doctor, you do disappoint me. I had hoped you might be a bit more fun.
DOCTOR: Flood, listen to me. You are not a well man.
FLOOD: I've never felt better.
DOCTOR: Don't you wonder where these powers you've acquired have come from?
FLOOD: A side effect of the lambda radiation. I can feel it.

ARKEN: That's impossible.
DOCTOR: No, it's not. You've bridged his mind with the morphogenetic field of this planet.
FLOOD: Absolutely fascinating. But tell me, who exactly are you, Doctor? What's your business here? No, no. No matter. I'm sure your brain's as soft as anyone elses.
(The Doctor screams.)
CHARLEY: What's he doing?
FLOOD: Let's see. No.
DOCTOR: Argh! Get out, Charley. All of you, get out!
FLOOD: Well, there's no need to be like that. I don't want you lot here anyway. As the man says, get out. And I wouldn't advise you to try and re-enter.
(Footsteps, door opens.)
FLOOD: Not you, Reptile Boy.
C'RIZZ: Me?
FLOOD: Who else would I mean?
DOCTOR: What do you want with him?
FLOOD: Insurance. I can't hold all of you off, but I can make total soup out of your friend here if you try and return.

(Door closes.)
CHARLEY: So now what are we supposed to do?
NIAH: How about we go to the armoury, help ourselves, go back in and take the psycho out.
DOCTOR: Not that simple, I'm afraid. You wouldn't get through the door.
CHARLEY: How did I know you were going say that?
ARKEN: What did you mean about Flood being connected to the planet?
DOCTOR: There's nothing straight forward about Endarra. You've lived in her shadow a long time, but you know nothing of her secrets.
ARKEN: What secrets?
DOCTOR: Look over to those woods. What do you see?
NIAH: Natives. Lots of them.
CHARLEY: Doctor, they attacked the base earlier.
DOCTOR: I'm not surprised.
(Thunder rumbles.)
NIAH: There was a storm then as well.
DOCTOR: Don't you see? Flood's pain is the planet's pain. They're inextricably linked. Come on, let's regroup in the Tardis.

FLOOD: My head, it's throbbing. I should have peeled open Arken's scalp and fed the contents to the birds.
C'RIZZ: Can I help?
FLOOD: Help? You? What are you, anyway? Half man, half creature?
C'RIZZ: Not exactly. What is it you want?
FLOOD: Ah, you want to know my plans. Perfectly good question. Well, first of all, I want to get off this miserable planet. (pain) My head!
C'RIZZ: Then?
FLOOD: Revenge. Revenge on the whole lot of them. I'll make them sing with pain before I'm finished.

ARKEN: This ship's extraordinary. I've never seen technology like it.
DOCTOR: It's never too late to open your mind, Professor. Shame in your case it's come a bit late in the day. How are you, Niah?
NIAH: I'm tired, scared, and very confused. Please, just tell me what's going on.
DOCTOR: Endarra hasn't been quite the planet of purity your people think. Four million a colony tried to settle here.
ARKEN: Rubbish.
NIAH: Professor! Let him finish.
DOCTOR: Newly born planets are strange places. They shouldn't be intruded on. The forces of nature and evolution are still working their alchemy.
CHARLEY: And that's what these colonists did? Messed up the whole development of this world?
DOCTOR: As it happens, no, they didn't. They were wiped out by a passing battlefleet who

used them as a testing ground for a biological weapon.
NIAH: That's horrible.
DOCTOR: It wasn't just the people who suffered. The planet itself was raped. It's morphogenetic field absorbed the pain and the shock of the violation, and never forgot. Like a baby, witness to something terrible, it grew up and remembered.
ARKEN: Nonsense. Just take a look around. This world's a paradise.
DOCTOR: It was until you arrived with your vicious little experiments. You woke it up, Professor, and now the planet's screaming again. More than that, you created a bridge between a madman and the field. Eunis Flood's now neurologically connected to the very life energy of Endarra.
CHARLEY: How on Earth do you know all this, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I don't. But it's the only explanation that fits the facts. There's a reason I've never taken you to a newly formed planet before, Charley. Every Time Lord's taught very early never to do that. And that was one law even I listened to.
NIAH: All very interesting, Doctor, but how do we stop Flood?
DOCTOR: What does he want?
NIAH: In the first instance, to get off this world, I should imagine.
DOCTOR: Can he do that?
ARKEN: Yes, there's a shuttle bay northwest of the research centre.
DOCTOR: Charley, you and the Professor have to get to that ship, make sure it's grounded.
CHARLEY: What about you?
DOCTOR: I've an appointment to keep.

FLOOD: I don't want it to rain. Rain bores me. What about you, Reptile Boy? Bet you love rolling about in it.
C'RIZZ: Actually, I'm better suited to dry conditions.
FLOOD: Hold on. It's stopped raining. Just as I wanted. I wonder. I wonder, I wonder, I wonder. Come here, turtle-head. See those two primitives out there picking fruit? Do you think if I was to concentrate really hard, I could make one kill the other? I bet I could. What do you think, C'Rizz? I can even force him to look into the whites of her eyes as he snuffs the life out. And here's the best bit. I let go.
(The native drops the body of the other.)
FLOOD: Take a look at his face! (laughs) That'll take some explaining to the kids. You know, sometimes I think killing's like cooking. You can always find a new way to jazz up an old recipe.

(Walking through foliage.)
NIAH: So you're saying that the little girl
DOCTOR: Galayna.
NIAH: Galayna, is here, in this time zone?
DOCTOR: You'll see for yourself in a moment. Here we are. This is where C'Rizz and I found her earlier.
NIAH: What is this, some kind of religious temple?
DOCTOR: Interesting. Yes, I suppose it is, in manner of speaking. Look who's on the altar.
NIAH: Galayna! I don't believe it.
DOCTOR: I told you.
NIAH: She looks so innocent. Is she asleep?
DOCTOR: No, a coma of some sort.
NIAH: But how?
DOCTOR: That's what I want to find out.
NIAH: Doctor, have you noticed something?
DOCTOR: The natives.
NIAH: They're gathering again.
DOCTOR: I'm not surprised. I think they've been programmed to protect her.
NIAH: Programmed?
DOCTOR: Race memory, if you like.
NIAH: I don't understand.
DOCTOR: Nor do I, fully, but I think Galayna here is the key. I just wish I knew how.

ARKEN: This is the shuttle bay. Let me just enter the access codes and we can open the entry hatch. There.
CHARLEY: So how do we disable it?

ARKEN: The main power unit's accessed at the rear. We just have to remove the core.
CHARLEY: So what are you waiting for?
ARKEN: We could leave now.
CHARLEY: That isn't the plan.
ARKEN: I could take this ship up, circle the base, and blast Flood into a thousand pieces.
CHARLEY: Perhaps you've forgotten, but C'Rizz is in there.
(Engines power up.)
CHARLEY: Professor!

FLOOD: It's time I was leaving, before your friends start entertaining dreary ideas of rescuing you.
C'RIZZ: Where are you going?
FLOOD: Caludaar. There's a few people I'd love to catch up with.
(Engine roar.)
FLOOD: The shuttle! No!

CHARLEY: I'm not letting you do this!
ARKEN: Get off me! You'll kill us both!
FLOOD [OC]: Doctor, is that you?
ARKEN: It's Flood.
FLOOD [OC]: Ah, Professor Arken. Planning a little trip, were we?
ARKEN: You can forget about leaving this planet, and you can forget about your revenge.
FLOOD [OC]: Do you really think I can't reach you?
(Arken screams.)
FLOOD [OC]: Now can feel me, Professor? Power down the thrusters.
(Arken obeys.)
CHARLEY: (sotto) Professor. Professor? Where's the power unit core? We have to remove it before he gets here.
ARKEN: (struggling) Go to the panel at the back.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Panel at the back. Panel.
ARKEN: Can you see it?
CHARLEY: Oh, I think so. Is it a sort of tube?
ARKEN: That's it. Pull it out.
(Scrape.)
CHARLEY: Well, come on, let's go.
ARKEN: I can't.
CHARLEY: What do you mean?
ARKEN: I can't move. Literally. Flood, he's holding me somehow. Go, Charley. He doesn't know you're here.
CHARLEY: I can't leave you.
ARKEN: He's on his way. Go while you still can.

NIAH: I can't believe this child's been lying here for over four million years.
DOCTOR: How else do you explain it?
NIAH: I can't. Are you sure it's the same girl?
DOCTOR: I don't know. She's here in body but not in spirit. This is just a shell.
GALAYNA: (giggling) Of course I'm here, jelly bay.

(Shuttle hatch opens.)
FLOOD: Ah, Professor. How the devil are you?
(Arken can't move his mouth now.)
FLOOD: Cat got your tongue? No, I was forgetting. I have, haven't I. Let's just check you haven't done any damage. Where's the power unit core? Speak!
ARKEN: I don't know.
FLOOD: Well, that won't do.

DOCTOR: Do you know who I am?
GALAYNA: Course, Doctor.
DOCTOR: And you are Galayna?

GALAYNA: In a manner of speaking. I am all things. I am the earth that supports you, the air that embraces you, the water that cleanses you, and I hold the memories of that which was once Galayna, daughter of Eldrin.
NIAH: What does she mean?
DOCTOR: Are you Endarra? Are you the planet itself?
GALAYNA: Of course I am, scaredy cat.

FLOOD: Well, isn't that a thing? Charley, Charley, Charley. What am I going to do about you? What do you think, Professor? Oh, don't dribble. I'm not cleaning out of your beard, you know.

NIAH: But why, Doctor? And how?
DOCTOR: I think she's a living record of what happened all those years ago. The people died, but the planet remembered them.
NIAH: But she's just like an ordinary child.
DOCTOR: The girl she once was had an immunity to the Saravin. She must have wandered around that colony all on her own for weeks with nothing but corpses for company. And when finally she succumbed, the morphogenetic field must have absorbed her, and it's preserved her ever since. Galayna's dead, but she lives on as an elemental force, her time come round at last.
NIAH: Her time?
DOCTOR: This is the planet's response. A balancing force to the evil that's been unleashed. She's our means to stop him, Niah.

FLOOD: Honey, I'm home. Did you miss me? Nothing to say for yourself, Lizard Boy? Have you changed colour? How sweet. There's no end to your talents. Shame you can't open locked doors.
C'RIZZ: I thought you were off to take your revenge.
FLOOD: All in due time.
C'RIZZ: Don't tell me someone's thrown a spanner in the works.
FLOOD: That's enough.
C'RIZZ: Hit a nerve, have I?
FLOOD: Give me a good reason not to reduce your skull to liquid.
C'RIZZ: Perhaps you should take a look inside it. You might learn a thing or two.
FLOOD: Meaning?
C'RIZZ: I know who you are. (laughs) But you certainly don't know me.
FLOOD: What are you talking about?
C'RIZZ: Once, a long time ago, in another place and another life, I killed my lover. So you see, I'm a killer, just like you. So who exactly should be scared of who?

(Raining.)
DOCTOR: Oh, no.
NIAH: Flood?
DOCTOR: Something must have upset him.
NIAH: The Professor and Charley?
CHARLEY: Doctor! Doctor!
DOCTOR: Perhaps not. Charley! What's the matter? Where's Arken?
CHARLEY: Flood got to him, but I got this.
NIAH: The power unit core.
DOCTOR: At least we've got him contained. He'll be expecting us to rescue C'Rizz. I don't think we should disappoint him, do you?

C'RIZZ: What are you going to do now?
FLOOD: How do you mean?
C'RIZZ: You're trapped, with no means to leave. You're the big scary king of nothing.
FLOOD: Hello? Are you really that stupid? This is Bronik's gun. I can do anything.
C'RIZZ: There's no need to be like that. I won't fight you. You and I, we're the same. We're killers. We want the same thing.
FLOOD: No, actually we're not. I can do this, for a start.
(C'Rizz screams.)
FLOOD: Now, see that water bottle on the table? Have a sip.

C'RIZZ: No!
FLOOD: Just drink it!
(C'Rizz drinks.)
FLOOD: Tastes interesting, doesn't it? That's because it's pure Saravin. I can feel it, the smallest, scantest trace elements still dormant in the ecosystem. And all I have to do is concentrate, and I can tease it back into existence. It's very simple. I radio for help, commandeer the rescue shuttle and then flood the atmosphere of Caludaar with poison, My revenge will literally rain down. Now have another sip.
(C'Rizz drinks and coughs.)

CHARLEY: Doctor, will this really work?
DOCTOR: We'll soon know. Niah, enter the access code and open the doors, please.
NIAH: Entering them now.
(Doors open. Arken mumbles unintelligibly.)
NIAH: Professor!
ARKEN: Round and round.
CHARLEY: What's wrong with him?
DOCTOR: What do you think.
CHARLEY: Flood.
DOCTOR: Look after him.
CHARLEY: What about you?
GALAYNA: Scaredy cat.
DOCTOR: You know the plan.
GALAYNA: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat.

(Alarm sounds.)
FLOOD: Well, well, well. Rather predictably, your friends are staging a rescue. Shame they're too late.
C'RIZZ: We'll see about that.
DOCTOR: Ah.
FLOOD: Doctor! My dear fellow. And who's this little sweetie you've brought with you?
DOCTOR: This ends now.
FLOOD: Oh, don't be tiresome.
(The Doctor screams.)
FLOOD: How's that feel, Doctor? You haven't learnt much since last time.
DOCTOR: Galayna, now!
GALAYNA: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat.
(Flood's turn to scream.)
GALAYNA: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat. (continues under dialogue)
DOCTOR: How does that feel, Flood? She's your opposite, your counterpoint.
FLOOD: No.
DOCTOR: Give it up, before she destroys you from the inside out.
FLOOD: No. I shall. Gun.
(Laser bolts fire and Galayna isn't heard any more..)
FLOOD: Well, that was a bit of a rubbish plan, wasn't it?

(Arken cannot form words.)
NIAH: Oh, Professor.
CHARLEY: I shouldn't have left him.
NIAH: Charley.
CHARLEY: What on Earth's that?
NIAH: The natives.
CHARLEY: They look like they're in agony.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, where's Galayna?
DOCTOR: Vapourised.
FLOOD: Sugar and spice and all things nice. Naturally, in my view little girls shouldn't be seen or heard. Which reminds me, where's Miss Pollard, Doctor? Is she here? She has something I want.
DOCTOR: She's safe.

FLOOD: Nobody's safe from me. Not on this world. No matter, I'll find her. Which rather begs the question of what to do with you two. The situation's rather changed. I don't really need hostages any more. C'Rizz, catch.
C'RIZZ: What?
FLOOD: It's a gun. Don't think about pointing it at me. You'll find you can't, anyway. Now, shoot the Doctor, there's a good boy.
C'RIZZ: No!
FLOOD: Come on. That's it. Lift the gun. Wrap your finger around the trigger.
C'RIZZ: No. I won't be controlled by anyone. Not any more.
FLOOD: You're a killer, remember? Just like me.
DOCTOR: Fight him, C'Rizz.
FLOOD: Do you really know yourself? Remember your precious L'Da.
C'RIZZ: That was different.
FLOOD: Perhaps she was just one of many.
C'RIZZ: Perhaps.
FLOOD: You've crossed the line and taken life. Pull the trigger. Stop living a lie.
DOCTOR: No, C'Rizz, he is the one who is lying. This isn't who you are.
FLOOD: All you have to do is squeeze your forefinger. Good, good. A little
(Laser bolts. Flood laughs.)

CHARLEY: What's happened? Why have they stopped?
NIAH: I don't know.
ARKEN: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat.

(The Doctor groans.)
FLOOD: Still with us, Doctor? Judging by the looks of you, not for long. What's that?
DOCTOR: Surely you're not scared?
FLOOD: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Are you scaredy cat?
GALAYNA [OC]: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat.
FLOOD: No!
GALAYNA [OC]: Scaredy, scaredy, scaredy
FLOOD: Get out!
GALAYNA [OC]: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat.
FLOOD: It hurts!
GALAYNA [OC]: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat, scaredy cat
(Etc, etc. Flood cries out in pain, then finally silence.)
C'RIZZ: Doctor? What happened?
DOCTOR: Galayna was far more than the physical form of her body. She was, is, Endarra's elemental power. Flood never stood a chance against it. Good shot, by the way.
C'RIZZ: You knew I was aiming for your shoulder?
DOCTOR: Not so much where you were aiming. Flood vapourised Galayna with that thing. The power setting didn't change itself.
C'RIZZ: He didn't control me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I know. You're not as malleable as you think, and you're not a killer, either.
C'RIZZ: That's not what he believed.
DOCTOR: He's wrong, isn't he.
C'RIZZ: What's happened to him?
DOCTOR: His own mind was peeled. He's like a new-born baby, all the evil washed away.
(Flood cries.)

(Birdsong.)
NIAH: How's your shoulder, Doctor?
DOCTOR: On the mend. This body heals faster than the last.
NIAH: I'm sorry?
CHARLEY: Ignore him.
NIAH: And you, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: I'm fine, Niah. Or at least, I will be. Flood wasn't to know I'd already been inoculated against the Saravin.
CHARLEY: Doctor, what have you done with Flood and the Professor?

DOCTOR: They're playing on the swings in the Tardis Gardens.
NIAH: Arken came here because he wanted to find peace.
DOCTOR: There's a lesson there. Careful what you wish for. I hope when you get back to Caludaar you will nudge them away from that line of research.
NIAH: Absolutely.
DOCTOR: Time we were leaving, I think. Come on, Niah, I'll give you a lift home.
CHARLEY: Hang on a minute, Doctor. What about the planet? What will happen here now?
DOCTOR: Now that it's connection to Flood's been severed, it should be fine, the paradise it was always meant to be.
NIAH: And the natives?
DOCTOR: Will evolve naturally. I think Endarra belongs to the Endarrans now, don't you?
(Footsteps. Tardis door closes, the Tardis dematerialises.)
GALAYNA: Scaredy cat, scaredy cat. (laughs)